

((Note: This story is not canon to the RP. This section takes place during [Chapter 54](#).)

Damia walked through the streets of Windfall; the money she took from her treacherous client was left unspent. The streets were not too busy as there were not much people around. Her eyes were drooping and her head hung low in sorrow for the loss of her mother. Damia was all alone now; no other family member to be with her and no close friend in her life. Although her mother had told her that an assassin must never be overcome with sadness and pain, the loss of the only close person in her life left a hole in her heart. It seems like it is natural for a child to despair at their parent's death, no matter the age or how stoic they were trained to be. The woman kept going without mind paying much to her surroundings. She was soon snapped out of her thoughts when someone asked her, "Hey, are you alright?"

Damia turned her head steadily to the speaker to find that this was the same hazel-eyed blonde woman she saw leaving Jericho 2 days ago. This time the mint dragon that had once accompanied her was not here. The messy-haired blonde looked concerned for the assassin; she must have noticed the brunette looking depressed. Damia did not want to bother this stranger with her problems, so she lied, "It's nothing. I'll...I'll manage." She walked away from the blonde with no more words spoken from either two. It would be nice to have some comfort and sympathy, but an assassin must never show weakness in front of others and this is a rule that Damia stuck by. She needed to deal with her grief by herself and somehow get over it if she can. As she was about to pass an alleyway, a mint dragon came out from it and stopped in front of her. The assassin immediately halted in her path and saw him taking the three flowers he carried in his mouth into one of his front talons. He held the flowers up to her like he wanted her to take them. Damia recognized the mint as the same one who saved her from the conman's thugs earlier. Now he was trying to cheer her up. The assassin smiled a bit and appreciated, "Thanks, little one. I'll take care of them." Despite the mint's attempt to lighten her day, the woman was still just as depressed. It seems like it will be a while before Damia's sorrow died.

The assassin went around the mint and did not go too far from the blonde when she hears a man behind her saying to someone, "Well, well, well, look what we have here. What's a pretty little thing like you doing out here by yourself?"

The blonde woman replied, "Uh...nothing. I was just on my way home. Could you two excuse me?"

Another man said to her, "No way, we just saw you. How about you and us spend some time together at a bar or some place?" That was when Damia stopped and started to listen on the conversation, using only her ears. She did not look at them, so that when they spot her, it would not look like she was spying on them. She wondered where this was going and if she needed to intervene before it gets worse.

The blonde politely refused, "I-I can't. I really need to get back home now. My mom's waiting for me. May I please get by?" It sounded like she was making up a lie just so she could get away from the men.

It seems both men were refusing to take "no" for an answer as the first man laughs, "Now don't be so shy, baby. We're just a couple of nice guys. I'll sure we'll all have a good time."

That was when the blonde got angry as she yelled, "Touch me and I'll scream. Buzz off!"

The two men just laugh at her before the second man says, "Ain't she funny, Jack? You were only just trying to wrap your arm around her and then she gets up in arms."

"More like you were trying to sexually harass me, you creeps! Now leave before I-"

Jack sneered, "Or you'll what? Cry out for mommy. No wait, I want to hear you cry "daddy". Damia decided that it was time to intervene. It was clear that then men were not going to leave the poor blonde alone. The assassin turned around and went to confront the two men, while the blonde shuddered fearfully in the alley. What they looked like made her even bitterer towards them; they looked like the typical racist skinheads that one could imagine if they heard the word "racist". One of them was bald, big and burly; and the other was smaller, but not short, and has short hair shaved to their scalp. Both of them were tattooed with what she assumed were anti-dragon symbols. The men laughed at the blonde again before she punched the bald one in the face. He cried out in pain and the other man dropped his mouth open in shock.

The skinheads quickly became angry as the bald one named Jack cursed, "You rotten cunt!" They brandished their large knives the size of an average human head. The blonde looked at the weapons and became terrified. Jack threatened, "You wanna know what we do to stuck-up bitches like you?"

The shaved man licked the flat side of his blade with his tongue. He said, "We can make you beg for it."

Damia unsheathed her broadsword made of light, strong iron and stopped when she was close enough to speak. She yelled, "Leave her alone, you scums!"

The blonde and the men turned their heads towards her. Jack yelled, "Says who?" When they see her sword, instead of being unnerved, the men smiled sneeringly as the bald man mockingly continued, "Ooh, look Merle. We got ourselves a badass here."

Merle scoffed, "Yeah, so what? We got weapons bigger than knives. We can take her and pound her to mush."

As they traded their knives for maces, Damia yelled, "I'd like to see you try. I've taken out three men today and I can do the same to you if you don't butt out of here."

Jack yelled, "Big words from a skank who thinks she's a fighter. We ain't afraid of nothing. Let's beat her, Merle!"

"Yeah," the shaved man cried before the bald man swung his mace at the assassin and Merle tried to thrust at her with the sharp pointy tip of his weapon. Damia back-flipped out of the way before she could get hurt. Jack came at her to swing, but the woman dodged again to the side and countered with an upward swing at his torso. The bald man cried out in pain as blood fell from his wound onto the concrete sidewalk. Damia was still aware of the other man's presence and knew that he was going to attack this moment. She quickly spun around with her blade ready to block and it caught Merle's mace just in time. She felt the heavy force of the clash of the weapons. It seems like the man was stronger than her. Merle withdrew his mace and quickly thrust at the assassin for the stab. Her eyes shot wide open in fright as she anticipated the severe pain she would feel and possibly death as well. But then suddenly, Merle's back was on fire. He dropped his mace and started flailing his arms as he cried, "Ahhh! Fire! Fire! I'm on fire!" He ran away from the fight and down the streets up ahead.

Damia was surprised by the fire that had seemingly come out of nowhere. Did a dragon come to aid her? She looked around for one when she noticed Jack clutching his wound and having just looked to the blonde woman who was touching the ruby-adorned golden bracelet on her wrist. An ember shot up out of the shiny red gem like magic. The bald man now knew that none of the two women were to be messed with as he fearfully said, "Oh hell no! I'm outta here!" He staggered after his burning and they soon disappeared into the horizon.

Now that the little conflict was over, Damia turned to the blonde and smiled, "Nice job toasting these creeps! You really taught them a lesson."

The blonde grinned in amusement, "Thanks, I was getting fed up with them. I can't stand it when people don't get the hint that they're not wanted around. I hope that's the last time I'll ever see them. Thanks for sticking up for me."

"No problem," said Damia. "I'm glad to see you're okay now." Then a green head appeared right next to the assassin, surprising her before she saw that it was the mint dragon. The mint let out a soft rumbling noise at her. She responded, "Oh, you again."

The blonde smiled and said, "I see you met my friend already."

Damia looked back at her, "The mint?" Did this dragon know the person before her?

The blonde said, "Yeah. He seems to have an affinity for me and now it looks like he likes you, too. I met him when I just came to Windfall a couple of days ago. He doesn't seem to talk at all; I think he's mute."

The assassin noticed the mint nodding in confirmation to what the other woman said. "I see." No wonder she never heard a word from him every time she sees him.

The mint dragon went up to the blonde, who patted his head gently as he let out another rumble. "He's an odd little fellow. Mint dragons are usually shy, but this one seems to come to me whenever it wants."

"He sure does seem that way," Damia agreed. "He even rescued me when I was fighting some men who wanted to kill me."

The blonde looked amazed, "He did? I never knew mints can be that bold. He must be a unique fellow."

"Yeah."

Then after a brief pause between them, the blonde introduced herself, "Well anyway, my name is Seliss. What's yours?"

"It's Damia," the assassin simply answered.

Seliss asked, "So Damia, what do you do in this city? Are you like a guard or something?"

"Er no, I..." Damia tried to find the right lie without giving away her true occupation. Most people would be unnerved and wary around assassins like they saw them the same way they do violent criminals. She lied, "I'm just a more like a mercenary." Although assassins and mercenaries were two different jobs, she could technically be considered one since like a mercenary, she was a hired arm. But unlike mercenaries who fight and may or may not kill every single enemy, assassins were only paid to kill their targets.

"Really? So do you do a lot of fighting?"

"Yeah." Not really, most of her assignments ended up with her delivering swift, clean kills. Fighting was only necessary should the target survive the ambush and turned out armed with a weapon.

Seliss was impressed as she nodded, "That's cool. So are you hired right now?"

"No." Damia had yet to move her business to Windfall and right now, she was not in the mood to get started on that yet.

"Oh okay." Then there was a bit of silence between them before the blonde said, "Well I got to go back to the hotel now. It's been a long day for me and I'm tired right now."

"We could all use a break sometime. You take care of yourself, alright?" The assassin could certainly use one right now. She needed a place to rest. She could go back to that tavern where she met Jericho. She needed to thank him for that pygmy dragon who found the conman's home.

Seliss smiled, "I will. Have a good day!" Then she turned and started walking on her way to the hotel.

Damia went the other way as she went to go look for the tavern. After she walked several feet, she felt

something nudging against the knife pocket of her utility belt. She stopped and saw the mint pressing its maw against the bottom of the knife sheath, getting the top of the dagger inside out. The assassin did not know why the dragon was doing this, but she guessed that he must be curious about what is inside. She placed her head onto the sheath and pushed the dagger back inside. She told the mint, "Please don't touch that." She walked away, leaving the mint behind as she made her way through the city streets to get to the tavern. She found the jewelry store that Jericho went to two nights ago. She knew where the tavern would be from there. She used her memory of how she followed the man to that place to walk the right paths until she got there. She went in through the door and found the place just as busy as it was before during this time period. She walked around the place as she searched for the familiar tan-skinned, black-haired man, passing by every table and booth filled with drinking men and some girlfriends. But Jericho was nowhere to be found. So she had to turn to a short stocky man, who dressed himself in the finest clothes and had decorated his fingers in rings, behind the bar counter.

After Damia went to the counter to take a seat in front of him, the bartender, who was cleaning the inside of a beer glass, asked, "Hey there miss, what can I get you this evening?"

Damia asked him, "Nothing, I'm just looking for a man named Jericho. Do you know who he is?"

The bartender replied, "Hmm... I may probably know a Jericho, but then again, I may not. What business do you have with him?" It seems like he was being secretive about Jericho's whereabouts for some reason.

The woman answered, "I wish to thank him for helping me find my back-stabbing client. That's all."

The bartender responded, "Well if you're looking for him, you came to the wrong place, missy. He hasn't been back since yesterday and I don't know where he's gone. And I doubt anyone around here has seen his hide."

"So he's somewhere else," Damia said to herself. She wondered where he could have gone and if he would ever come back to this place. The bartender here seems to know him, so Jericho must be a regular here. "Well anyway, can I rent a room here just for five days?"

"If you got a lot of money, I'll let ya stay. That'll be a hundred and fifty gold." Damia took out some of the conman's money and gave it to him. Now that the room was rented, she went upstairs to it and went inside where she took her shoes off to put in the corner. She laid on the bed she once slept in and closed her eyes for a nap.